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Lyceum Theatre Build.
Memphis,
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March 19-17.

Joe, dear: ———

Whew! but it is cold out — Have just returned from lunch, and the wind fairly took my breath away, besides painting my cheeks (and nose) a vivid red! But it feels delicious.

Yesterday, my semi monthly day off, was a beautiful day — a mixture of spring and winter! Without a word of exaggeration one ten minutes it snowed big flakes which promised to end in a blizzard and the very next second the sun came out to mock our thoughts, and melt

chance it is, but no amount of coaxing would budge it — it remained firm and obstinate. We took the film out — and put it back — first cautiously to prevent exposure — then defying even that — but it was no use. I think the camera has lived its life. If there is only a face with eyes, nose, mouth, and ears visable in this picture that was taken of me, I'll mail it to you for your watch, but I fear very much that I shall be blessed with a couple sets of each. In the evening everybody went to the Palace and oh! how much I missed my Joe, then. The

the snow. Did you ever hear or read of such crazy weather? While the sun was out, Nell and myself tried to snap pictures. Nell's were taken first, and when my chance came, the camera refused to work! Goodness gracious! but my face must be terriblely awful! You see, one set of films was for Nell, and of these I used one — but I hardly think it will develope nicely — for I am quite sure I moved. When we tried to get the second roll of films in, some — how or other the roll refused to move. Everybody took a

is the first I have been to a vaudeville show since you left, and I can assure you, I felt it every minute. Oh! how much, how much, I missed you. Tell me, how did ma honeybunch spend his Sunday?

I expect to see Mrs. Maass to-night — and I shall tell her you were asking for her — my! but won't she be pleased!

Joe dear what do you think about the war situation? Mr. Swallow, who is English, and a Mr. Crowley, who is German, discuss this topic from early morn till late night — till my heart fairly stops beating with fright. Tell me what you will do — it worries me — and — tell me how much you love me (if you do, of course ???????????????????)

Your happy Toots.